Marion Titus

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Come Back, Robin.

Come back, robin;
Black eyes and blue eyes
Are peeping from the window,
Every morn;
Baby never saw you,
Bless the little darling,
Only just this winter
She was born.

Come back, robin,
Mamma said this morning,
All the dreary winter
Had gone by,—
The long and snowy winter,
The weary, windy winter,
O yes, the zero winter,
Had gone by.

Come back, robin,
Up from the south-land,
Where the flowers bloom,
Happy clime;
All the little children
Will be glad to hear you
Singing in the treetop,
Any time.—*Mary Brainard.*

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tender voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

April.

The wild and windy March once more
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time,
So fickle and so sweet.

Little Tim's Luck.

TIM worked in the rubber mills. He was twelve years old; but, although small of his age, he was quick-motioned and wiry. He entered the mill as errand boy. All day long, from attic to engine-room he hurried about, carrying orders, doing odd jobs, sweeping, and lending a hand everywhere.

When he had been there about two weeks, he was allowed to take charge of a little seven-by-nine room that was called the "barrel-room." In it were two wooden cylinders, slowly revolving, filled with pumice stone, sand, and rubber goods. It was a happy moment for Tim when this charge was given him. As a companion and assistant, he had a boy whose name was Fred. He was a short, thick-set fellow, who wouldn't go to school, and whose chief ambition was to "have a good time."

As day after day the two boys worked in the barrel-room, they became well acquainted, and in a manner liked each other. With the acquaintanceship came various invitations on Fred's part to the "good times" about the village.

"Say, Tim," he said one evening, "come up to the Square to-night, and play 'I spy the red lion.'"

"Can't do it," was the regretful reply; "got to work."

"What work are you going to do evenings?" said Fred, in great surprise.

"Oh, well," answered Tim, "I am going to be busy; not here, but at home."

With a look of disgust, Fred dropped the subject, and persuaded some other boy to go with him.

The next day something very similar occurred. The hands were accustomed to kick foot-ball during the noon hour. Two of the boys came in for Tim, and found him eating his dinner, and studying a magazine illustration.

"Come out and kick."

"Can't," said Tim; "got to work this noon. I'll come some other time."

What it was that Tim was at work on, none of the other boys knew. They liked Tim first-rate; he was so bright, and quick, and smart. Tim was a hard worker; even the lazy ones acknowledged that. What he did was done with his whole heart. Fred could work when he wished, but he was rarely taken that way. "I ain't going to kill myself," he was accustomed to say.

In his heart, Fred rather despised Tim. He felt that in a manner he injured him by working so hard. Lazy folks are apt to dislike hard workers. The curiosity that possessed Fred to know what it was that Tim was at work upon was perhaps his strongest feeling. Many a noon he slipped up into the mill attic, where Tim was ensconced behind a pile of broken chairs, but he never discovered what it was he was at work on. Many an evening he had gone round by Tim's house and inquired for him, and tried to discover the reason that he could not come out to play; but without any success. Tim kept his own counsel, and pegged away without satisfying their curiosity.

For two years, Tim and Fred worked side by side, getting barely pay enough to keep soul and body together; struggling for ten long hours each week-day with the refractory barrels, getting sifted through and through with the pumice stone and sand, having finger nails torn, and shins barked by the obstinate cylinders that never would stop in the right spot,—for two years they worked, and then they left together. Then Tim's secret came out. He had been straining every nerve in learning to sketch. Every odd moment, morning, noon, and night, while waiting for the "heats" in the factory, he had been digging away at his sketching. Pencil in hand, he had made a business of his ambition; and now, when only fourteen years old, came the beginning of his reward. His drawings, over which he had labored for hours and hours, were sent to a Western school, approved by the teachers, and brought him a request to enter the school. How gladly he accepted, it is not worth while to state.

Fred also left; his odd moments had been taken up with "fun." While Tim was working, he was smoking; while Tim was studying his art with all his mind and strength, Fred was walking around a billiard table. His chance was in rather a different line from Tim's; he was promoted to drive a fish cart.

"I wish I had *your luck*," he said to Tim as they parted; "but nothing ever strikes me."

All this happened ten years ago; Tim is to-day a prosperous young man, well-to-do in life, and every year working up. But Fred still drives a fish cart, spends his evenings in the stables, ambitiously puffing a black pipe, and wishing as ever, that he had "some of Tim's luck."—*Little Christian.*

The Value of a Cent.

It is astonishing how small a sum can square individual accounts if it can only be set in motion. In one of our business offices, the office-boy owed one of the clerks three cents; the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office-boy two cents.

One day the office-boy, having a cent in his pocket, concluded to diminish his debt, and handed the cent to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half his debt by giving the coin to the cashier.

The cashier handed the cent back to the office-boy, saying, "Now, I owe you only one cent." The office-boy again passed the cent to the clerk, saying, "Now I only owe you one cent more." The clerk passed it to the cashier, saying, "This squares our account." The cashier handed it on to the office-boy, saying, "And this squares ours." The boy passed it on to the clerk, saying, "Now we are square." And so the debts were all paid with one cent.—*Sel.*

Thinking.

One of the best and most useful habits a child can acquire is the habit of thinking.

It is not those who read much, who commit to memory, that become intelligent, wise, noble and great; but those who do a good deal of thinking. It is thinking which develops the faculties and capacities of the mind, and prepares children for the duties and responsibilities which are before them in the coming years.

He that's not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, wise at forty, rich at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, wise or rich.

True Obedience.

"Rob," said John to his friend and playmate, one bright September morning, "let us go and have a swim. The water is just right, I'm sure."

"Yes, I'll go, if father is willing," said Rob. "We can go by the office on the way to the creek, and I will ask him."

"Oh, that's out of the way. Your father lets you swim. What's the use of bothering to ask him?"

"Why, he was saying this morning that he thought the water must be getting cold, and he did not know how much longer it would be safe to bathe."

"But he did not say you must not go in any more," persisted John.

"No, but I must ask him, because I don't want to go if he does not think it best," said Rob.

"Well, my father has not said that I must not go in swimming any more. So I am going this morning," and John started for the street.

"I want to go too," said Rob, "and if you will only come around by the office, I will find out in a minute. Come, John," and he took his friend's arm; and they started for Mr. Brown's office, John yielding a reluctant assent.

But when the office was reached, Mr. Brown was not there. He had gone away on a matter of business, and will not return till afternoon.

"Now what are you going to do, Rob?" asked John, somewhat provoked that he had been made "to take all this trouble for nothing," as he expressed it.

"I'm sorry, John, that father is not in," was Rob's answer, "but I will go down to the creek with you and watch you swim, if that will do."

"Oh, pshaw, what a ninny you are! Your father won't care whether you swim or not," said John impatiently; but he had a feeling of real respect for his friend, who was so desirous of obeying his father's *wishes* and not simply his commands.

The two boys went to the creek, and John swam around and seemed to enjoy it, while Rob watched him from the bank. When John had had enough, he came on shore and dressed, and they went home. When Rob told his father about the matter, Mr. Brown said, "I think, Rob, I would have given you permission if you had found me this morning. But you did just right in keeping out of the water, after what I had said, unless you had special leave. I am very, very glad that you want to do the things that I wish as well as the things that I command. I can trust you."

The loving words and tone more than repaid Rob for any self-denial he had made in giving up the swimming lest his father might not think it best.

These two boys illustrate two kinds of obedience. John would never have thought of disobeying an express command of his parents. Rob went farther. He consulted their wishes even when those had not been expressed. So his obedience was of a better kind than John's. His parents knew that he would try to act at all times and everywhere as he felt they would wish him to act.

This is the kind of obedience which we ought to show to our Father in heaven. We are not simply to look at the positive commands in the Bible, but we are to learn from it God's *wishes*, and then seek to do them. We are to have the *spirit* of obedience. Obedient to wish as well as to word ought to be our motto.—*Child's Paper.*

For the Myrtle.

Spring.

BY FREDDY J. HUNTINGTON.

The spring, how beautiful is it,
When well-used sled and skate and mitt,
Are laid aside! For they're not fit
For days so bright as these.
The violet springs from 'neath the sod,
The aster and the golden-rod,
Come bright-hued, from the hand of God—
He decks in green the trees.

The robin flies from out the wood,
The sparrow seeks a worm for food,
To satisfy her chirping brood
With fond maternal love.
How sweet to roam the fields so fair
Where perfume fills the vernal air,
And flowers bloom and need no care
Except from Him above.

Be Natural.

It was not very long before I made two very useful discoveries: first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out. —*Sydney Smith.*

For the Myrtle.

Enduring.

Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.

'Tis sweet to sing in Summer
When June is on the earth,
When every tree and every bush,
Wake happiness to birth.

'Tis sweet to sing at sunrise,
When all the birds sing loud,
When fragrance fair, and sunny air
All hearts with blitheness crowd.

'Tis sweet to sing above the nest,
As mother-watch we keep,
When summer winds are rocking soft
Our little birds to sleep.

But oh, the strongest test of all
Is when the Winter snow
Is resting white on everything,
And Winter breezes blow.

When singing means a chastened will
A heart with God at peace,
A gratitude which midst the storms
Will never wane, or cease.

The birds are blithe, who sing at dawn :
Yet surely are those best,
Who, in the snows, at sunset hour,
Sing o'er an empty nest.

E. M. B.

Knew How to Take Care of Number One.

Mr. Pritchard, who lives in a suburban New Jersey village, has a Newfoundland shepherd puppy not more than nine months old. Its kennel, to which it is chained, is about fifty yards from the house. The other day, the regular feeding-time had passed without its food being taken to it. The dog waited an hour impatiently, and then barked and howled. Failing to attract attention, he broke his chain, picked up the earthenware dish in which his food is always served, and started for the house. Entering the open door, he sought Mrs. Pritchard and her daughter, and held the empty dish up to them, with a pleading expression in his dark-brown eyes. "If that was instinct," said Mr. Pritchard in telling the story, "I'd like to know what reason is."—*Golden Days.*

For the Myrtle.

Sweet Home.

BECAUSE the joys of home are above all other earthly joys. No picture interests us as much as that of father, mother and children gathered around the family board.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston love their little children, and do all in their power to make them happy.

The children are very affectionate to their parents, and the commandment "honor thy father and thy mother" has a deep sweet meaning, and acceptance in this household.

Thus lovingly living, they are blest in every day, for the Heavenly Father delights to come and dwell with them. E. M. B.

A GOOD dress, is a dress to do good in.

Prairie Life.

No. VIII.

STONES.

We have had very pleasant times roaming over the prairies in search of curious stones.

We take the buggy and ponies and go a long way sometimes, just for the pleasure of being out of doors in this delightful climate.

We do not find valuable specimens but it is interesting to find Indian arrow heads and fossils.

Once we spent the day at the mouth of Crow Creek and had a picnic dinner among the trees. We found some pieces of jasper and ribbon agate on the shore where the creek empties into the Coche La Pondre river. We stopped at a well a ranche-man had dug, and got water to drink.

He had brought stones from away off on the prairie where there is a ledge of soft rock, to wall his well, and in the broken pieces lying around, we found shells of what looks like the round clam, and mamma found a whole clam petrified. Sometimes we find petrified wood and stones of volcanic formation.

We find big and little arrow-heads. My cousin found a beautiful one on the river-bank. It was made of agate and had spots of moss in it. We find moss agates and smoky topaz on the bluffs sometimes; but they are not very plenty, The mountain's are the places to find specimens. I hope I can go there sometime. I know they are full of wonders by the stories the folks tell me who have been there. In digging one of the large irrigating canals the men came across a large quantity of sand-stones in which the shells of fish—said to be salt water shell-fish—were found thickly imbedded. It was a very pretty stone and some of it was put on exhibition in town. You know that people believe that the ocean once rolled over these plains.

I understand that *that* is why we find fossils of sea-fish here.

H. H. D.

General Gordon's Four Great Principles.

The four principles of General Gordon's life, as he himself once said, were these—1. Entire self-forgetfulness. 2. The absence of all pretension. 3. The refusal to accept as a motive the world's praise or disapproval. 4. To follow in all things the will of God, and to stay the soul on Him.

"Mamma Always Does That."

It was "mending-hour." Some of the "new girls" were finding the exercise peculiarly distasteful, but Madam Dupois was fixed in her rules. The young ladies of her school were required to spend a stated time every Wednesday forenoon in the sewing-room. Rents and frays discovered in their wearing apparel were made to figure darkly in the term reports.

Hallie sat gloomily regarding a huge rent in the skirt of her gray school suit.

"I shall not try it!—I will put the dress away until vacation, and have it repaired at home."

Jessie Wolf, intent upon her darning, suddenly looked up:—

"And who will mend it then?"

"Oh, mamma always looks after my clothing. I never mended a stocking in my life until I came to this place. I don't expect to make my way through the world on my domestic merits."

"It seems to me," continued Jessie, with more bluntness than consideration, "that as often as you have told us you are being educated through your mother's efforts, you would feel inclined to take as much as possible from her list of duties."

"Oh, my dear! mending amounts to nothing. Those things all come natural to mothers."

"Then if it amounts to nothing, I'd suggest that you darn that dress. If I had a mother, I'd save up something nicer than a torn dress to take home to her next December. Now, we all admit that you are the best musician in school, and of course we expect you to carry off the honors; but I candidly think that a girl who reserves her fingers for practice, and condemns her mother's to task-work, don't deserve anything."

"I hadn't thought of it in the light you suggest," Hallie thoughtfully replied, as she took up the torn dress again.

Dear girls, how many are there of you who "haven't thought" that mother is robbing herself of many little spaces of rest; that she is straining the nerves and the eyes that need quiet; that she is depriving herself of the refreshing walk or the new magazine; and she is slowly, quietly, imperceptibly, but surely, slipping down into her grave as the only place of refuge from too many trifles that are growing into a heavy load?

There is the rent in the gown, the buttons from the shoe, the string from the hat, the rip in the glove,—the score of trifles that will accumulate—look for them! Don't let mother do for you what you can do for yourselves!—*Sel.*

SELECTIONS FOR A S. S. CONCERT.

When Spring Began.

While roaming in the wood one day
I asked the question, half in play,
"Who can tell when spring began?"
Straightway the answer came. "I can!"
And robin redbreast cocked his head.
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That any one with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming *must* depend on me.
When I come, then will come the spring,
And that's the gist of the whole thing."

"Oh, ho! He, he! Well, I declare!"
A squirrel chuckled, high in air,
"That is too droll—that you should bring
Instead of being brought by, spring.
I hadn't meant to boast, but now
The cause of truth will not allow
My silence; so I'll merely state
That spring for me must *always* wait.
The thing admits not of a doubt:
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars! For pure conceit,"
Began the brook, "you two do beat
All I have heard. As if 'twere true
Spring never came at all till you
Were born, and can't come when you're dead!
I'm sorry, sir, you've been misled,
But I can set you right. I know
Spring comes when I begin to flow,
When my ice melts, and not till then,
Spring dares to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneezed the breeze, in high disdain,
"You're wrong as they are, it is plain,
When I first came, not long ago,
I found you naught but ice and snow,
'Twas my warm breath, you thankless thing,
That broke your bands and brought the spring,
The robins and the squirrels all
Come only when they hear me call.
In fact, I may assert the truth
I am the spring itself, in sooth,
Spring's here, because I'm here, and when
I leave, you'll have no spring again."

THE world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side.

Flower Time.

How beautiful the spring doth seem!
The air is soft and mild;
The grass comes creeping up the hills,
And o'er the woodland wild.

The trees put forth their pretty buds,
The daffodil appears;
The crocus raiseth up the head
Amid the falling tears.

The blue-bell, with his soft green leaves,
Looks out upon the sky;
The violet, in her shady nook,
Opens her soft blue eye.

The daisy and the buttercup
Are blooming everywhere—
A thousand dainty woodland flowers
With fragrance fill the air.

The merry bright-eyed children dance
Beneath the shady trees,
As happy as the little birds
And busy at the trees.

Spring-Life.

A life-tide is flowing
Through woodland and plain;
The sun-king is touching
The earth-heart again;
And thrilled by his fervor,
The blossoms arise,
Half-shyly, scarce daring
To look in his eyes.

The oak of the forest
Is filled with new wine;
A wind-harp is breathing
Its notes through the pine,
The buds have been dreaming
On stemlet and bough;
Earth's music and laughter
Are waking them now.

The spring-time is teaching
A lesson of life—
Of growth and of glory
Unmingled with strife;
It tells us that labor
Is sweeter than calm,
That springing and blooming
Are blessing and balm.

Work for All.

If little things that God has made
Are useful in their kind,
Oh, let us learn a simple truth.
And bear it on our mind;
That every child can praise the Lord,
However weak and small.
Let each with joy remember this—
That God has work for all.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

272.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 8, 1 is not to stand.
My 2, 14, 18, 3 is not absent.
My 19, 5, 4, 4, 9 little girls like.
My 10, 11 is a possessive pronoun.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a tender of sheep.
My 7, 6, 11 is not wet.
My 1, 2, 8, 9 is the opposite of that,
My whole is in the Bible.

Nettie Johnson.

273.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

G—d—s—u—h—a—e—l—f—t—e—. *Clara.*

274.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 3, 2 is a girl's name.
My 7, 6, 5 is what we do with our feet.
My 8, 11, 9 is what we find on the rivers in winter.
My 1, 12, 10 is a fowl.
My 1, 9, 2, 3, 4, 10 is where all people want to go.
My whole is what we ought to do.

Emma Cushing.

275.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: Grown boys: Expression of mirth: Before: A vowel. *Ethol Brown.*

276.—ANAGRAM.

A ilyng geuont htetuhr seoth that rea detcilffa thiw ti.

Carrie H. Sibley.

277.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 2, 7, 17 is an article of apparel.
My 8, 14, 1 is a meadow.
My 13, 3, 15, 16 is an inlet of water.
My 5, 6, 4, 9 is to close.
My 6, 11, 12 is the superlative of warm.
My 10, 16, 17 is a snare.
My whole is a part of one of the commandments.

M. S. Collar.

278.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 2, 7, 12, 5, 6, 1 is a girl's name.
My 7, 18, 8, 13, 14, 22 is a boy's name.
My 24, 26, 5, 6 is a part of a house.
My 19, 10, 11, 12 is a kind of sickness.
My 20, 21, 3 is what we would all like to possess,
My 13, 6, 23, 15 is the opposite of fierce.
My 17, 4, 27, 25 is a feature of the ocean.
My whole is a proverb. *Calla and Lizzie.*

CONUNDRUM.

What has two heads and one body? A barrel.

268.—ENIGMA.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

269.—ANAGRAM.

Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

270.—ENIGMA.

Massachusetts.

271.—ENIGMA.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the conscience like an omnibus strap?
Because it is the inward check to the outward man.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Bertha John, 6; Cora E. Myers, 4; George W. Billings, 6; Jessie B. Pierce, 6; Katie D. Newell, 6; Harriett Tetherly, 3: Minnie Doggett, 5; Eda M. Gallup, 3; Lewis and Mary E. Christie, 6; Anna S. Ewell, 3; Fannie M. and Henry A. Parkhurst, 5; Kate Beardsley, 4; Grace L. Farnsworth, 5; Clara Boynton, 5.

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